

## BOTH COLLEGE BRED

But His Fiancee's Valedictory on  
Microbes and Kissing Was  
a Stumbling Block.

By FRANK H. MELOON.

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Twenty times in the past two days Hortense Heaton made up her mind to definite action; and 20 times, of course, she had allowed her thoughts to vacillate backward to the old doubt, the old indecision. "It is so supremely ridiculous," she said to herself softly. "And the complaint seems so absurd and so difficult to form into words. I can't tell Robert that he doesn't love me enough. His adoration is too evident in his eyes for me to doubt it, but I'm not a marble image, and I don't want to be adored as if I were an angel. I know I'm not. I know I'm just ordinary flesh and blood, but Robert doesn't seem to think so. I've tried every way I can think of to convince him, but it's no use."

Miss Hortense flung herself face downward on the most tempting piece of furniture in the room, burying her pretty nose in the very middle of a pillow stuffed with fir balsam. She did not attempt to keep back the tears which forced themselves to her adorable blue eyes or to choke down the sobs which convulsed a throat as tightly and fair as any model's.

"What would Robert say if he could see me now?" she thought, a smile like sunshine in the midst of summer rains flushing across her face. "Just because we're both college bred, he thinks he must act differently than other people. And he was so ready to believe my jest about the danger of microbes in kissing, that I've never been kissed once since we became engaged. He says hugging's a demonstration of rudimentary affection, and laughs at holding hands as something peculiar to the lower classes. Well, I'd just like to have a little rudimentary affection, and if somebody doesn't hold my hand pretty soon, why, I'm just going slumming!"

Having finished her cry, Miss Hortense felt decidedly better. She sat up and began to fling soft pillows into new positions with athletic vigor. "The idea!" she exclaimed, sharply. "I don't see what makes Robert so stiff and prim. He's a good deal like an old maid since he got those horrid degrees of A. M. and Ph. D. What good will they do him, anyway? He's got the money to have a good time without them; and if he hadn't it now, he could share mine as soon as we're married. I guess dad will give me enough for both. As it is, I can truthfully say I'd rather have been born without a silver spoon in my mouth, if all the silver spoon is going to bring me a man gone daft against kissing and hugging, and holding hands. Being engaged to a man like that is what our Mamie would call 'the raw limit!'"

Her brain formed a mental picture of Robert Rouin, A. M., Ph. D., tall and athletic figure, clad in perfect fitting evening clothes, just as she had last seen him. Severely set Centaur-like upon his Gibson-modeled face, but it was the severity of thought.

"Why," continued the girl indignantly, "can't he cast it off for a few minutes when he is with me? He loves me; I don't doubt that. But it is like the terrible admiration of Zeus. It is as if a god were making love to a mortal, half fearing to sully himself by touching the inferior being. I'm sure Robert hasn't that feeling, but that's exactly what it's like."

Miss Hortense recalled the fact that her unsatisfactory fiancé had won his varsity letter on the football eleven. She also summoned to mind several stories of his athletic ability which had not a little influenced her decision when she had to make up her mind whether to say yes or no to the great question which comes at least once to every girl.

Since his classmates had separated and scattered to the four corners of the earth, Robert Rouin, A. M., Ph. D., had been continually, though unconsciously, demonstrating the difference which existed between himself and Robert Rouin, right tackle of the varsity eleven. It was, perhaps, accounted for by the fact that his mind had turned to never and never channels; that he was confronted by obstacles of infinitely greater difficulty and moment; and that, being always set and obstinate and perseveringly stubborn in his way, he was bound to surmount them.

"Now, what shall I write?" Miss Hortense asked herself, dipping a pen-handled pen into the cut-glass ink well at her right hand. She poised the pen above the paper for a moment undecidedly. Then she laid it down carelessly, not noting that she dropped it into a box of monogrammed writing paper, over which an ink blot spread itself alarmingly.

"It has come to the point," asserted the young lady, as if seeking to convince herself that her action was perfectly just. "It has come to the point when I must break off this engagement; and it's so ridiculous, too, when I love Robert, and he loves me. But the gist of the situation is that we aren't fitted for each other. We're two opposites. It would drive me wild to have to live with Robert the rest of my life and be admired from a distance. I want to do part of the adoring myself, and I am obviously not fit for doing it in Robert's way."

I suppose it will make the poor boy dreadfully unhappy, but I've heard that men get over affairs of the heart very easily. I wouldn't do it, if I thought Robert would feel very much cut up over it, but it somehow seems to me as if he is the sort to find plenty of solace in his philological researches. Anyway, he's perfectly set on a trip into the South seas, so that he can study the Polynesian tongue at first hand."

As Miss Hortense reached this stage in her soliloquy, she glanced at a little jeweled timepiece, suddenly recalling an engagement to attend a production of amateur theatricals by the alumni of Robert's university. She had barely time to make her preparations. Everything else was immediately laid by, and a half hour later found her at Conservatory hall awaiting the rise of the curtain.

"Did you know your fiancé is to take the leading part?" asked Miss Ridge, her boon companion.

"Why, no," admitted Miss Hortense, "he never said anything to me about it."

"Well," rejoined the other, "it was not known until the last minute that it would be necessary. Mr. Rouin had taken the part once before, and his old friends wouldn't listen to his saying no."

The select audience that afternoon was accustomed to witnessing the performances of the world's leading stars, but it was unanimously conceded that the part of the passionate lover had never been so perfectly depicted as it was by Robert Rouin. It was so natural that, in the language of the press agent, the audience forgot to applaud.

"I congratulate you, Hortense, on having a lover like that!" exclaimed Miss Ridge, roguishly, yet more than half in earnest.

The face of Hortense flushed crimson, but inward agony was her portion. "Oh, if it were true, if it were true!" she exclaimed, again and again, but always with the realization of how very far it was from being true. It is, however, very seldom that a sensible American girl fails to accomplish what she desires to achieve; and this is especially true in love affairs. In a flash of pure inspiration a plan outlined itself vividly before the girl's eyes. She laughed aloud. That night it was carried into execution.

When Robert Rouin, A. M., Ph. D., called at 7:30 o'clock that evening, he seated himself in the usual chair, and, faultlessly attired, without so much as an eyelash awry, began his customary long-distance admiration of his fiancée, Miss Hortense, with a look of determination to do or to die in her eyes, after a few minutes' conversation, rose from her chair, walked over to her lover, and plumped herself into his lap with a solid drop of 135 pounds that fairly made the floor creak and the chair threaten to give way at every rung.

At the same time she threw both her shapely arms around his neck, and, careless of germs, planted a resounding smack on his lips, which, as soon as he recovered from his first astonishment, he made haste to return with interest.

"And you aren't play acting now, Robert?" she asked, anxiously, after a time.

"Not a bit, little girl," he replied, heartily. "You see, I thought you were really opposed to kissing and holding hands and lovers' embraces. You said so, I remember, in your valedictory."

"I said a lot of things in that I didn't mean," was the girl's reply. "And, Robert, I can't tell you what I started to write you this afternoon."

But after awhile she did. She had no fault to find in that quarter since she explained why she had mentally referred to him as her unsatisfactory fiancé.

"Read the Eternities."

The only large values are those in which our ancestors participated. The oldest of wonders is the greatest—life. An iron-clad, as such, is a commonplace beside a ship, and society merely as society is a more stupendous fact than Rome or England. The illad is less remarkable than speech, and the aeroplane is only a note in the sky. Landscape, the family, the nation, religion—their origin are lost in the silence of a gray antiquity. The now—the present—is indeed sacred; but its sacredness is inappreciable to those who are circumscribed by its limits; it is reserved for minds that escape its bounds. "Do not read the Times!" said Thoreau, in words that become more memorable the less they are remembered, "read the eternities." —O. W. Firkins in Atlantic.

The Junkville Moralist.

"Well," remarked the proprietor of the Junkville general store, as he closed the cash drawer and resumed his place behind the stove, "the women want to vote at the polls tomorrow." The moralist twisted a plug of black tobacco between his molars and proceeded to chew himself into a logical frame of mind before replying.

"Can't say I approve. 'Tain't respectable. What's the world comin' to, anyway? Women at the polls! 'Twon't be no fitten place for a woman."

"Because I'm goin' to get drunker'n a billed owl and raise all manner o' trouble!"—Judge.

Talks in All Tongues.

"We are thinking of giving old Goro the degree of doctor of languages."

"He's no linguist."

"No; but he has \$40,000,000, and money talks."

## PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION ASKS PRAYER FOR PEACE.

By the President of the United States of America, a Proclamation: Whereas, great nations of the world have taken up arms against one another, and war now draws millions of men into battle whom the counsels of statesmen have not been able to save from the terrible sacrifice; and

Whereas, in this, as in all things, it is our privilege and duty to seek counsel and succor of Almighty God, humbling ourselves before Him, confessing our weakness and our lack of any wisdom equal to these things; and

Whereas, it is the especial wish and longing of the people of the United States in prayer and counsel and all friendliness to serve the cause of peace;

Therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do designate Sunday, the fourth day of October next, a day of prayer and supplication, and do request all God-fearing persons to repair on that day to their places of worship, there to unite their petitions to Almighty God that, overruling the counsel of men, setting straight the things they can not govern or alter, taking pity on the nations now in the throes of conflict, in His mercy and goodness showing a way where men can see none, He vouchsafe his children healing peace again and restore once more that concord among men and nations, without which there can be neither happiness nor true friendship, nor any wholesome fruit of toil or thought in the world; praying also to this end that He forgive us our sins, our ignorance of His holy will, our wilfulness and many errors, and leads us in the paths of obedience to places of vision and to thoughts and counsels that urge and make wise.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this eighth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fourteen, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and thirty-ninth.

WOODROW WILSON,  
By the President.  
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN,  
Secretary of State.

## Shot as a Traitor.

Rome, Sept. 20, Via Paris, Sept. 23. —The Giornale D'Italia publishes a telegram from Vienna, which reports that Lieutenant Marshal Wodianski, who was of Slav origin, was court-martialed and shot for an alleged understanding with the Russians. The station master at Lemberg, a man named Redi, accused of giving information to the enemy, was also shot, according to the dispatch. He was a brother of Col. Redi, who committed suicide in the spring of 1913, when he was accused of being a spy. Gen. Frerach, the same dispatch says, who was removed from a command of a division of cavalry, after it had been almost annihilated, also committed suicide.

## Beazley-Garrott.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. William Walton Garrott to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Mary Thomas Garrott, to Mr. Edmund James Beazley, Jr., of Marianna, Ark. The wedding will be at the home of Mr. E. H. Garrott on Thursday October 6th. Mr. Beazley is a prominent merchant. His bride-to-be is one of Christian county's loveliest girls.

## Opossum Came to Town.

A live opossum was found in the elevator shaft of the Pennyroyal Building Tuesday morning when the workmen went to their work. The building is now being given the finishing touches on the ground floor.

Too many lazy men pose as martyrs.

## THE WAR AND THE AMERICAN FARMERS.

Will the European war, by causing an increased demand for agricultural products, benefit the farmers of this country? It is by no means certain that it will.

The savings of the world in one year may amount to \$5,000,000,000 or \$6,000,000,000; the war will destroy that amount of wealth in three or four months. Consider the resulting scarcity of capital throughout the world, the consequent restriction of production, the diminished supply of labor, the increase in the rate of interest. Farmers cannot escape the effects of such economic disturbance.

Suppose that farm products do advance; does it follow that there will be real increase in profit to the farmer? Will farmers as a group lose more than they gain on account of the higher prices they must pay for everything they buy? Farmers are consumers as well as producers; they are buyers as well as sellers, even of agricultural products.

Suppose that wheat goes to \$1.50 or \$2 a bushel. How many farms in one hundred raise wheat? Only twenty-three. Consequently, seventy-seven farmers must pay exorbitant prices to twenty-three farmers for one of the principal articles of food. Most wheat farmers buy their flour from the merchant; they will have to surrender in that way some of the profit that they may receive for unground wheat.

No farm produces everything, or nearly everything, that its owner needs. Potatoes grow on only one-half of all the farms, and sweet potatoes on only eighteen per cent of them. Cotton may go to fifteen or twenty cents a pound, but we must remember that less than one-quarter of the farms raise cotton. Sugar, dry beans and rice are raised on only a small proportion of our farms. Moreover, if the war continues, the prices of clothing, and of almost all sorts of manufactured goods, will rise.

It is not even certain that there will be an increased effective European demand for our farm products, not excepting wheat. Europe has suspended credit payments and will take only gold; consequently it must pay gold. As a rule, the nations at war are not paying, and the loan market of this country has been closed to them. Cotton manufacturing is paralyzed in the warring nations, which have taken yearly about two-thirds of our crop. Fruits have been exported from the United States to the countries at war to the value of \$20,000,000 a year. That demand has ceased absolutely.

We have no meat that we can afford to export. If we do export it, the price of meat, and of meat animals, will advance, and there will be a wasteful slaughter of immature cattle. It would be a misfortune both to the farmers and to the nation to increase or even to continue the over-slaughter of meat animals that has occurred in recent years.

The European war cannot really benefit the farmers of the United States. Small groups of producers here and there may profit by it, but when the actual results of the great upheaval begin to make themselves felt, the farming population as a whole must face a diminished market and lower prices.—Youth's Companion.

## To Vote Sept. 28.

The following counties will vote on prohibition next Monday, the names in parentheses being those of the principal city in each county. Henderson (Henderson), Bourbon (Paris), Bell (Middlesboro), Boone (Burlington), Carroll (Carrollton), Clark (Winchester), Anderson (Lawrenceburg), Fayette (Lexington), Mason (Maysville), Montgomery (Mt. Sterling), Shelby (Shelbyville) and Scott (Georgetown).

Crumbs of comfort may be all right, but it takes a lot of them to make a square meal.

# CUT GLASS

The biggest stock that ever come to Kentucky. We bought several sample lines and are showing some wonderful values. We have pieces that were never shown in the city, styles that are up to now.

If you are contemplating purchasing Christmas gifts, Birthday or Wedding presents, you can't do better than come to see us.

Thousands of Pieces of China.

Call and look through our big stock. We cater to all.

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Wholesale and Retail Grocers.

### Interesting Items

A man's horse comes near to knowing just how much religion he has. Lightning clouds are seldom more than 700 yards from earth.

The United States mines five tons of coal a year for every inhabitant. Sweden produced nearly \$4,500,000 worth of matches in the year 1912.

It is a good sign when the young men of a community begin to attend the State Agriculture College. Most of the ostriches on the ranches of South Africa are hatched in incubators.

Until the year 1874 Japanese doctors vaccinated their patients on the tip of the nose.

The first society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was founded in England in 1824 by Mr. Martin, M. P.

The only two great European capitals that have never been occupied by a foreign foe are London and Petrograd.

There is a plan to safeguard Manila against the longest possible dry season by building high upon the Montalban watershed a 2,000,000,000 gallon reservoir.

### British Capture German Liner.

The British Berwick has captured the German liner Spreewald and two colliers in the North Atlantic. The total number of German vessels which according to the latest reports, have been captured by British vessels at sea or by British port authorities is ninety-two. Ninety-five German vessels were detained in British ports at the outbreak of the war. Seventy British vessels, were held in German ports at the commencement of hostilities and since then twelve British sea-going vessels out of the upwards of 4,000 carrying on over-sea trade have been captured and sunk at sea. The Spreewald is a steamer of 2,214 tons. She was last reported as having sailed from Antwerp 12, for the West Indies and to have arrived at St. Thomas, D. W. I., August 4.

### New Series of Stock Soon to be Issued.

The Hopkinsville Building & Loan Association will open its books for subscriptions for stock in the sixty-sixth series, on October 1st, 1914—Advertisement.

Prejudice is blind from birth.

## HARROWS

To prepare your Wheat Land with. We have the best. See ours before you buy.

I BUY MY  
IMPLEMENTS  
WHERE THEY  
KEEP THE BEST



Do not buy poor implements and waste time and money going to the blacksmith shop right when you are busiest. Come to us and buy good implements which will stand hard

## PLANTERS HARDWARE CO.

INCORPORATED.

## 3 — Equals — 25

A startling statement but a true one in this case. One teaspoonful of medicine and two pounds of your own ground feed (cost about 3 cents) equal, in what they do for your animals and fowls, two pounds of any ready-made stock or poultry tonic (price 25 cents). There you are! If you don't believe it, try it out! Buy, today, a can of—

### Bee Dee STOCK & POULTRY MEDICINE

Changes food into tonic—Makes it result-producing.

Write for a trial package of Bee Dee STOCK & POULTRY MEDICINE, also our 32 page, illustrated book, fully explaining its uses. Address: Bee Dee Stock Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

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